

1870

If Ever I Cease To Love

George Leybourne

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21.

IF EVER I CEASE
TO LOVE
SONG

BY
GEO. LEYBOURNE.



BOSTON
OLIVER DITSON & CO 277 WASHINGTON ST
N. YORK, C. H. DITSON & CO

Chicago,
Lyon & Healy.

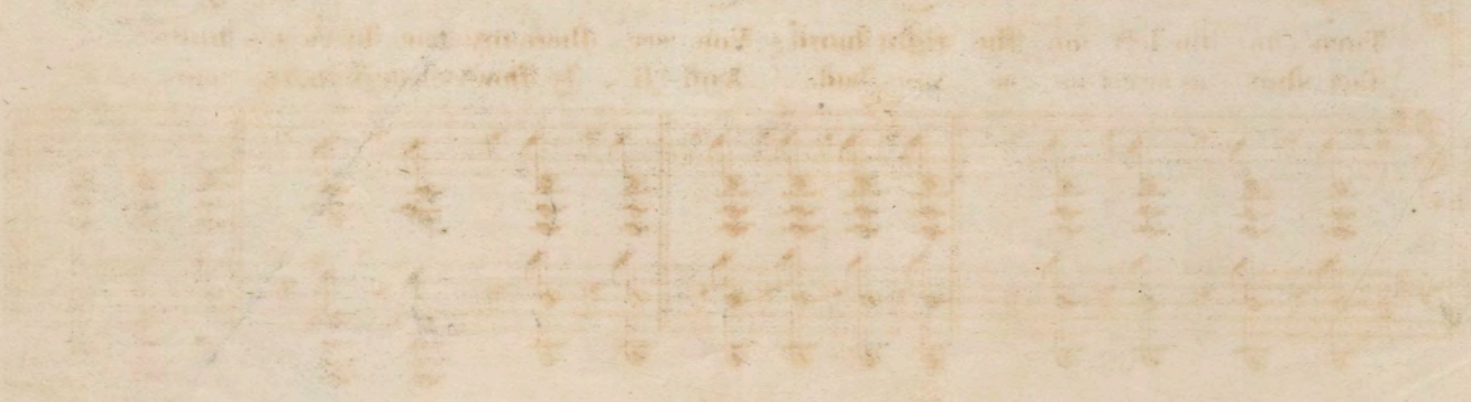
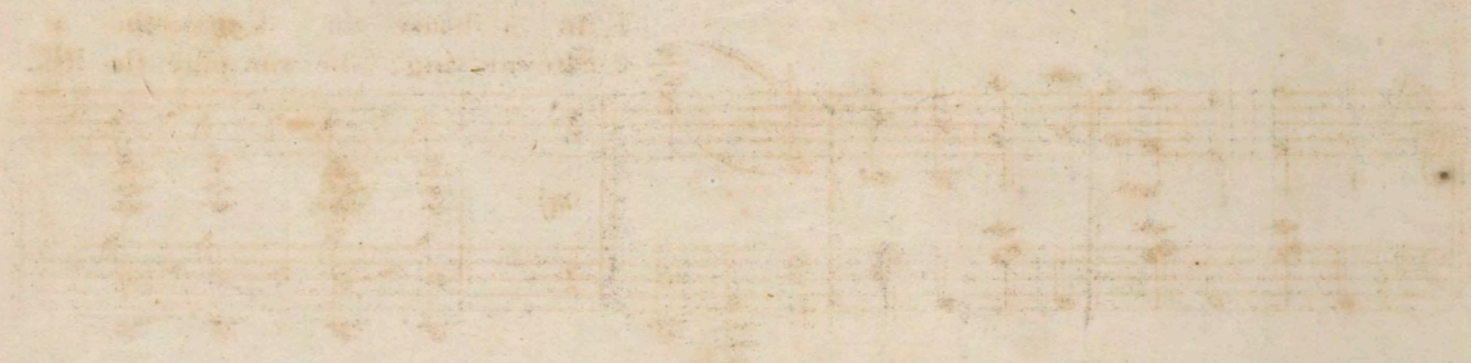
Cinn.
J. Church & Co.

Boston,
J. C. Haynes & Co.

Phil^a
Lee & Walker

IF THERE'S SEASE TO LOVE

CHARLES HARRINGTON

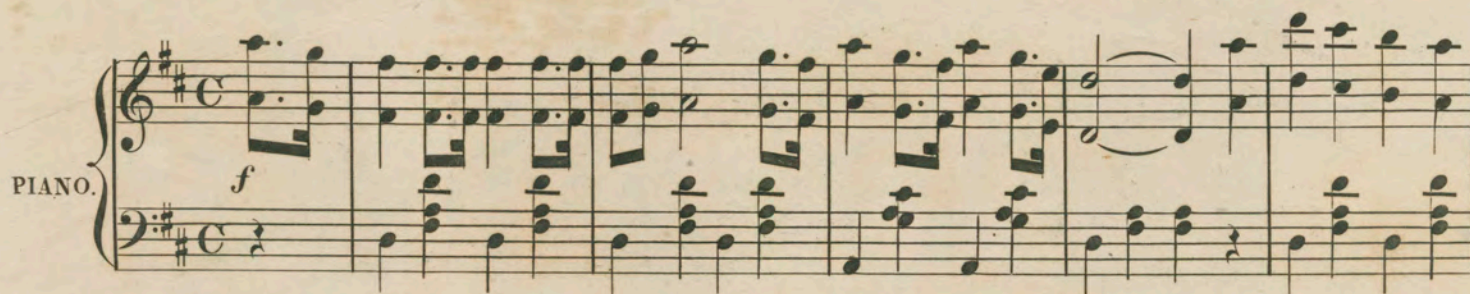


IF EVER I CEASE TO LOVE.

3

GEORGE LEYBOURNE.

PIANO. *f*

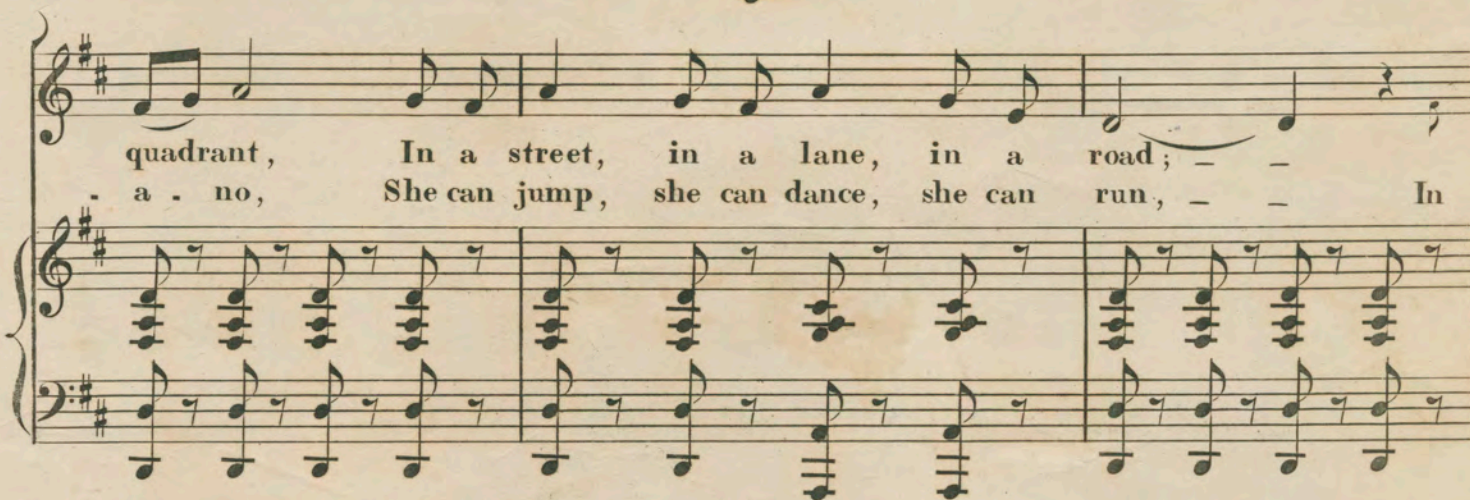


1. In a house, in a square, in a
2. She can sing, she can play the Pi.

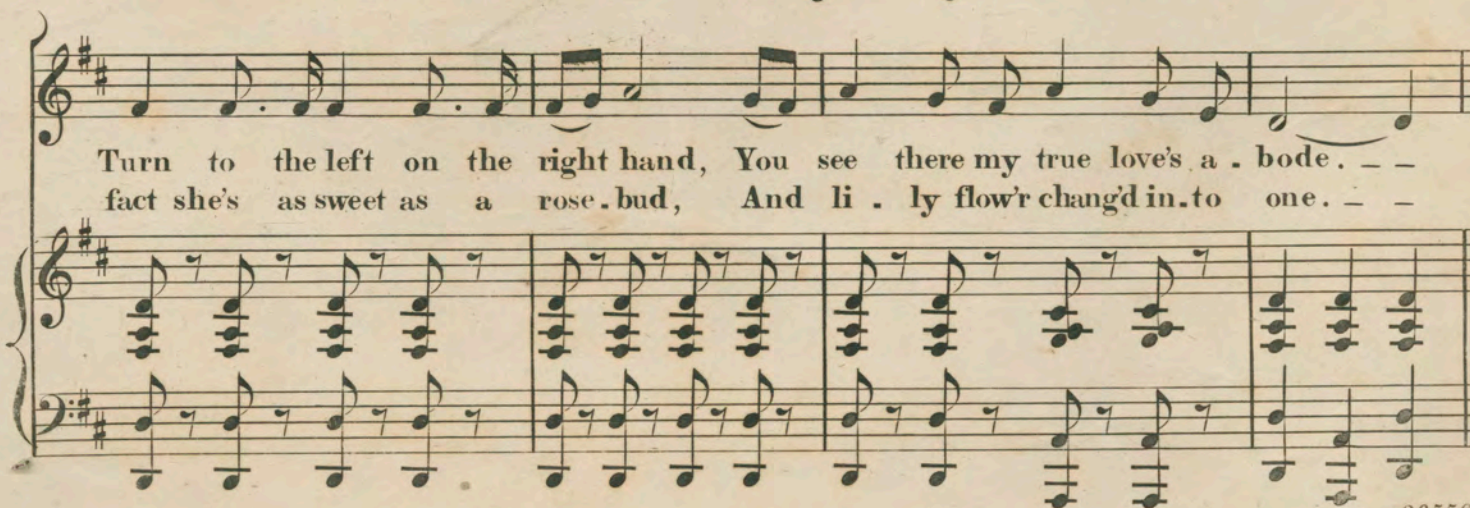
mf



quadrant, In a street, in a lane, in a road; - -
a . no, She can jump, she can dance, she can run, - - In



Turn to the left on the right hand, You see there my true love's a . bode . - -
fact she's as sweet as a rose . bud, And li . ly flow'r chang'd in . to one . - -



4)

I go there a courting and coo-ing, To my love like a dove, And
And whowould not lovesucha beauty. Like an An - - gel dropp'd from a bove, May

dim.

swearing on my bended knee, If e-ver I cease to love. May
I be stung to death with flies, If e-ver I cease to love. May

cres.

sheeps-heads grow on ap-ple trees, If e-ver I cease to love. - -
I be stung to death with flies, If e-ver I cease to love. - -

CHORUS.

If e-ver I cease to love, If e-ver I cease to love, May the
If e-ver I cease to love, If e-ver I cease to love, May

moon be turn'd in . . to green cheese, If e . ver I cease to love. - -
lit . tle dogs wag their tails in front, If e . ver I cease to love. - -

3.

For all the money that's in Wall street,
All the stocks of a railroad line,
I wouldn't exchange the girl I love,
She's good as a silver mine;
To see her dance so graceful,
I could faint with radiant love,
May the Custum house a hornpipe dance
If ever I cease to love.
May we never have to pay the Income Tax,
If ever I cease to love.

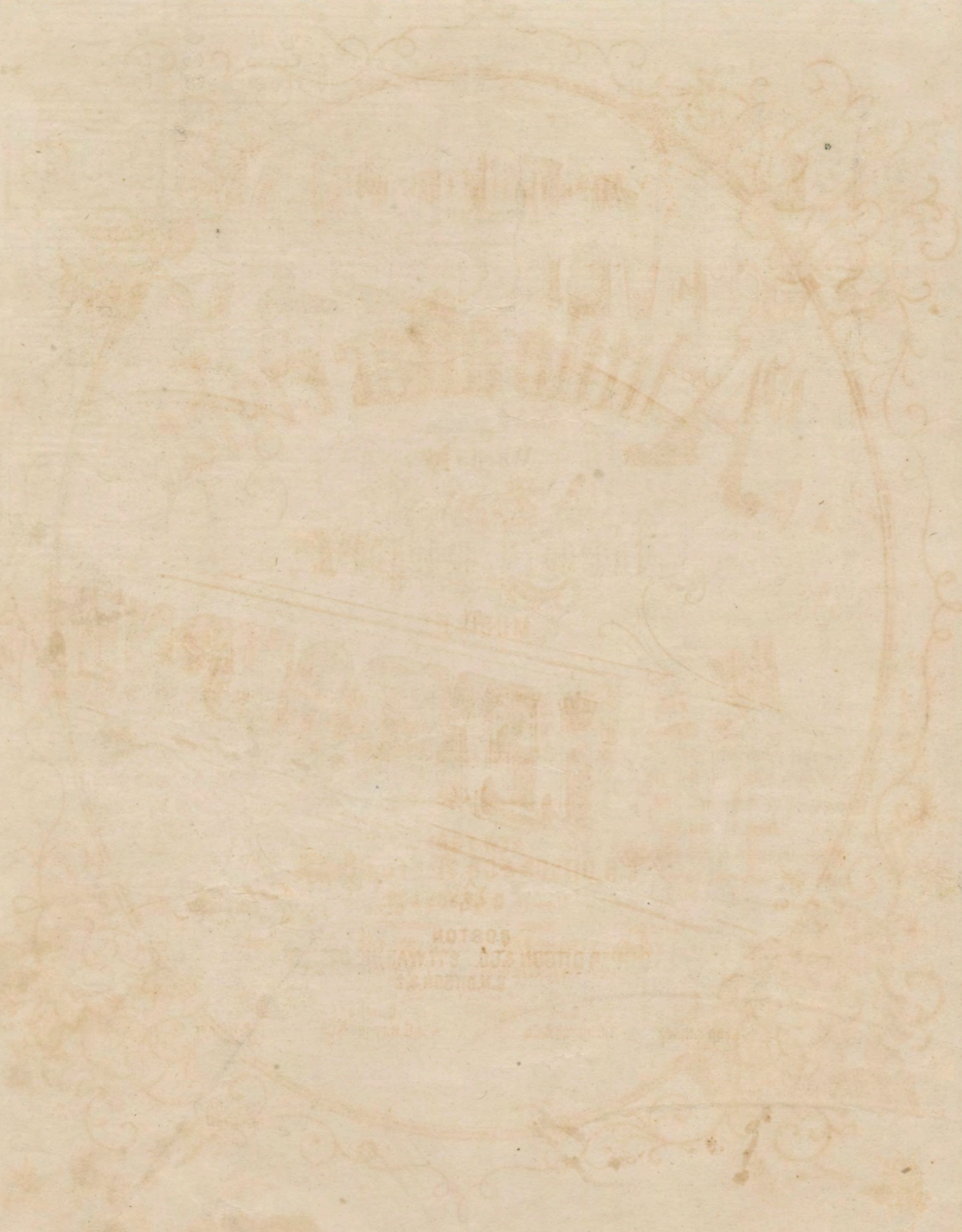
Chorus. If ever I cease to love,
If ever I cease to love,
May we all turn into cats and dogs,
If ever I cease to love.

4.

May all the seas turn into ink,
May black be turned to white,
May the pumpkins grow on apple trees,
May wrong be turned to right,
May cows lay eggs, may fowls yield milk,
May the hawk become a dove,
May beggars refuse to eat cold meat,
If ever I cease to love.
May I be frozen to death with heat,
If ever I cease to love.

Chorus. If ever I cease to love,
If ever I cease to love,
May all the rivers run up hill,
If ever I cease to love.

1875



NOTES
JANUARY 1875
BOSTON